

**VIEW  
MEDIA**

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EDITORIAL BOARD:

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Donald P. Brown  
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Virginia Lee  
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COVER:

Thomas Swartzbaugh

ARTISTS:

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Anja Ibsen  
Liz Indianos  
Robert Jordan  
Steven King  
Nikki Paras  
Shari Shreiner  
Kris Tedder  
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FACULTY ADVISOR:

Walker A. Graham

CONTRIBUTORS:

Bill Lang  
David Young  
James Scruggs  
Donald P. Brown  
David Albee  
Christy  
Tom Filipkowski  
Marion R. Cleveland  
Nancy Perry  
Ann Muggleworth  
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Mikel Moan  
Sheila Meehan  
Lynne Preston  
Ed Rosner  
Edward George  
Daniel Zea  
Dadi  
Kitty Kelly  
Monte Abramson  
Richard Sheffield  
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Sidney H. Davies

## FOREWORD

*MEDIA is one of the opportunities offered by Palm Beach Junior College for the creative development of its students. A literary magazine, it continually searches for new talent, and it takes pride in presenting as many samples as possible of this talent.*

*Contributions to MEDIA are judged solely by a student editorial board. The board is selected from students interested in writing, volunteers who give their time because they like to work with writers and writing. Each contribution is given a number when it is received in the editorial office, and all material is read and judged by this number. The majority of contributions receive a minimum of two readings, most are read three times. Final selection of material is done by vote.*

*Many worthwhile contributions have been rejected this year because of space limitations. The board respectfully thanks all contributors for their submissions and requests that they try again another year.*



SHARI SHREINER

Twinkle twinkle  
Little moon  
Men will land  
Upon you soon.  
They'll bring their guns  
And ammo too  
Soon there'll be nothing  
Left of you.

*Donald P Brown*

## MURMURING

1. the gargoyle  
The sudden gape of its face-  
the lips pulled away  
to unveil the wind-pitted teeth-  
almost hurts the eyes  
of passersby.  
Ridges of neatly carved flesh  
fold around a sneer  
that's been clenching air  
for years.  
And yet...  
It's about to break into hysterics!
2. garbage cans  
Brazen bodies,  
lost in the city's shadow,  
snuggle up to an old brownstone  
and wait for the sun to call.  
They hold a frown in their caps  
and try to take a nap,  
but the weather doesn't relent.  
The situation promises to be  
a winter spent  
alone with the cold.  
And the cans are getting old.
3. oh, the woman!  
The smell of coffee  
combs the space  
between the smiling faces.  
And her little mouth moves,  
but she doesn't say  
"Yea, lover."  
Her muscles jerk around  
inside her skin  
like a boy  
struggling with a sweaty shirt,  
and silver flashes  
in the cracks of her eyes  
hand you the message  
on a platter.
4. "the essence of murmur" — to the poet  
Sanity sinks its pretty paws  
into the cerebra.  
She's a healthy little thing  
and very nice,  
but sometimes you wanna get a disease.  
And every bend of the city  
lends opportunity  
to blow the crania  
with the supersonic mania  
of life.  
I think you hear the veiled wishes  
of the world  
murmuring in an almost forgotten ear.  
I'm not a seer.  
or prophet-fairy either,  
but it's good  
to ambush the brain  
with the whispers of unseen  
and insane.

David Albee

## THE NIGHT STORM

Wild moaning winds  
Chiding the sullen wave,  
As o'er bare rock  
And hollowed place  
And sea-birds nest they lave.  
Lowering skies  
And drifting clouds threaten  
To spend their force  
In devastating race  
'gainst the dome of heaven.  
The night storm - breaks!

*Dr. Sidney H Davies*

sleeping beyond all  
yet near nothing  
fond of life  
and living  
only for a smile  
and waiting awhile  
stands  
gazing downward  
deep thoughts  
slowing down her eyes  
as her mouth dries  
in firm commitment  
her skin  
softly  
touches my eyes  
and is warm  
I feel I must touch  
her hair  
and there  
she pauses and studies me

*Edward George*

## LIFE SONG

"Enter singing joyously"  
I'm a slow motion man  
earth walking and  
my head is jammed  
with music  
running over screaming  
skies and fields of color  
and living this fast  
is like dancing inside  
yourself  
and I can't  
hold it  
or keep it  
or contain it  
any longer  
"KA\*BANG!!!!" (explosion)  
dim lights. . .

*Edward George*

## A QUICK TRIP HOME

variations on a theme by Anthony Hecht  
A shiny puddle of cold water  
lies on the sink bottom  
and brushes against my hand  
when I touch the drain.

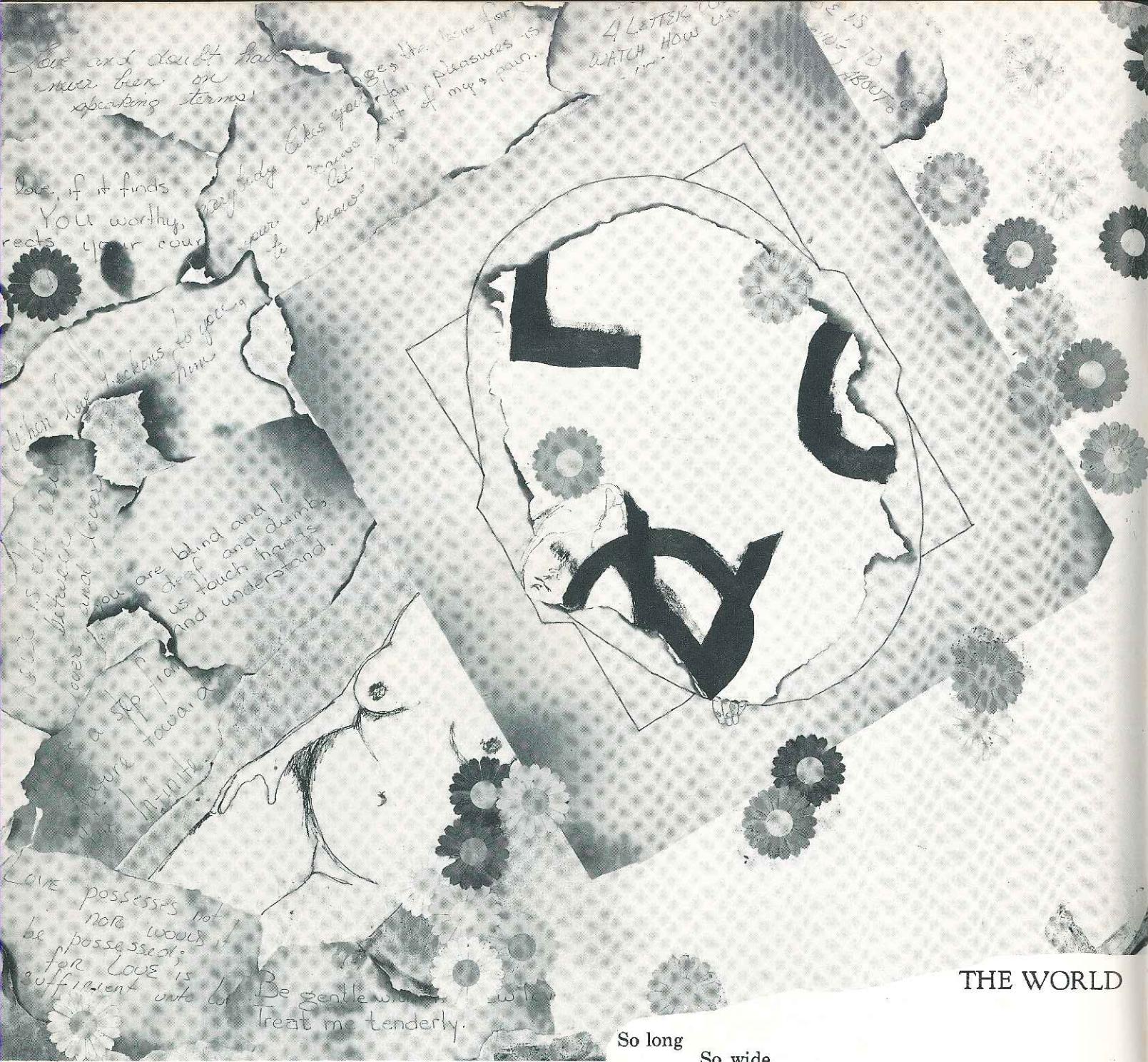
\* \* \* \*

The weather is chilly-blue  
and the wind chops through the tree branches.  
People down from the North  
sit on their lawn chairs  
to sun themselves.  
Sometimes they think of home.  
A person alone might remember a song  
and sing some of it into the hollow air.  
Maybe mother would recall an old argument  
and weep almost silently.  
The boy still knows how well he spent  
a weekend  
by the sea  
years ago.  
But her face is a blur.

\* \* \* \*

I touched the icy water  
and it clung to me,  
running down to my wrist.  
But I didn't notice;  
I was having a vision or  
maybe it was just memory,  
'though it seems I was standing  
in a different room.  
The mahogany walls were bouyed up by old sofas  
and the air was choked with dryness.  
A mustachioed man stepped into the room  
and smiled.  
How slowly his arm rose from his side;  
his hand reached for me.  
Within the interval of an opening and closing  
of the mind, the sink looked up at  
my face again.  
Someday I'll trip over the right piece of mind  
and fall flat on my past.  
At present I'm live and well  
and living in the limbo of human sanity.

*David Albee*



## THE WORLD

So long      So wide

But I can't hide  
In plasticity.

## Nowhere to go

I know  
    Be slow  
And you know  
                you won't make waves.

Jesus saves  
I rave

You gave  
Me an arm  
no harm  
In trying.

No death in dying

I'm dying  
no flags flying

I'm crying

I'm c

to

th

that has no ears.

Mikel Moan

## MORNING

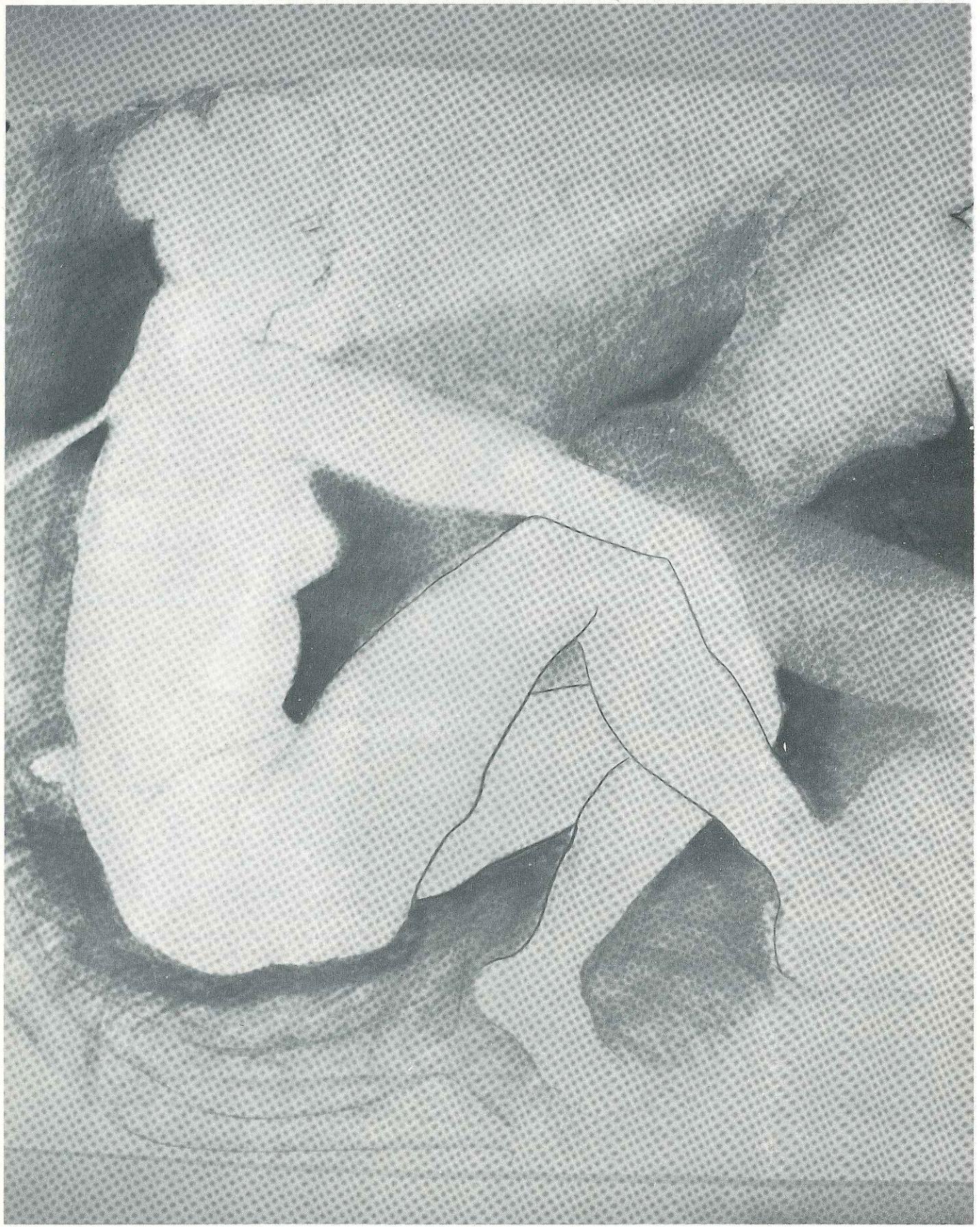
O sweet morning of dewed awakening,  
When trees seem just awake as they  
    green themselves in the sun,  
But sleep in the dark morning shade  
    still cool—  
Hidden moist by the reaches of the  
    still slumbering giant  
That holds the earth as its pillow.  
The day's breeze begins its inland  
    journey  
And in passing shakes the green  
    figure;  
Now moving listless in awakening  
    light.  
At last a full wind blows and  
    shakes the sleep away,  
The first break of light streams  
    through  
And blinds the opening eye warming  
    slowly in the harbored darkness;  
That laps upon the grass like the  
    early morning swell  
Sleepily moving the sand and greeting  
    the early piper.  
The birds sing softly an opening tune—  
Meant to awaken but not abuse—  
To enliven but let rest;  
Till the last dew is warmly raised.  
The clear song mixes with the bright  
    mornings softness;  
And poured upon the early hours in  
    blue liquid skies  
Rubs musically the night's work  
    from the eyes.  
Full ready now, the morning sunrise  
    is sopped  
To further prepare the slowly coming  
    thought.  
Once more in passing warmer breeze  
Shake the new waken leaves  
Just turning to the eastern shore.  
Now with the last bit of darkness gone  
From every western lawn,  
Save where the crouching shadows hide  
Who loved too long and missed the  
    receding tide,  
The full picture shines bright  
Set to work in the late morning light,  
Where rhythm of rest drove a lazy tone  
And the morning rise broke into a  
    mixed cadence  
That now flows in nature's mechanized  
    dance  
Shaking off the morning's chills  
When each pleasure some duty fills.  
Into the midrise heat fades the morning,  
With no beginning and no end  
Its gone.  
For the morning is but what the night  
Can impress upon the daylight.

*Ed Rosner*

## SNOWFALLS

I've lost track of the number of snowfalls  
    that have fallen since you left.  
I cannot count the number of winters  
    that have come and gone  
        since that day we parted.  
The snowfalls which have covered  
    the ground ever since that day  
        have brought with them  
        an icy coldness that has settled  
over my world.  
There are no longer any distinct seasons.  
    But rather, one indefinable span  
of time—a blur of days and months  
    all merged into one.  
A constant vacuum of silence  
in which the only sounds are those  
    of saddened snowflakes  
        softly falling upon the  
            ground.  
Within my perpetual winter a chill  
    fills each room within my world.  
    No longer breathes there a warm  
and pleasant summer breeze.  
No longer do the golden rays of a summer  
    sun fall upon a rich and green,  
        soft summer carpet.  
The grayness of the sky and the  
blackness of each snow-covered  
object fills the scope of my vision.  
I can no longer tell by the changes  
    in the seasons when it was we  
parted.  
There are no longer springs and falls,  
but rather the coldness of winter,  
    filled with never ending snowfalls.

James Scruggs



LIZ INDIANOS

Good-bye  
Hell-o  
Good-bye  
Hell-o  
And finally  
Good-bye  
Isn't that a part of life?  
Isn't leaving someone life?  
Isn't giving to someone life?  
Isn't sharing with someone life?  
Isn't loving someone life?  
Why then, must we  
leave  
give  
share  
or  
love  
and to at last say  
Good-bye?  
Why oh why?

Beth Kamenski

## THEM

Where have they gone?  
What have they done?  
They are here but have left.  
They are so far away;  
but yet, I can reach out  
and touch them — it doesn't matter,  
they wouldn't feel anyway.  
They died long ago, you see,  
to be reborn in a lifeless form  
to play the game of living  
by going through the motions  
and barely, even then.  
They don't care.  
And what's even worse  
they don't want to care.  
That's their tragedy.  
They will tell you they are very much alive;  
are having so much fun doing . . .  
what? They never really say.  
Whose fun are they having?  
Helen and George's across the street  
or maybe Pete and Gladys' up town.  
They are having someone else's fun  
and pretending that its theirs.  
You see, they departed ages ago  
to a world of other people's fancy.  
They took over by use of plasticity  
and faking their way from friend to friend.  
They made themselves the Gods of that land  
by being better than all the Jones'.  
But they were only fooling themselves  
and fooling others like them.  
They returned as products of a mold  
called the Establishment;  
soaking up all they were exposed to  
like a sponge and staying uncommitted  
to everything except their prestige.  
They made themselves proprietors of  
a land that wasn't theirs:  
to rule and give orders.  
But you and I ignored them  
to live our own lives  
which consisted of those things  
called abstractions;  
things that they wouldn't understand  
because they are based on personal opinion.  
They could not own our bodies  
or rule our private minds  
because they are mine and yours  
and not a public scene.  
Let them live for their prestige;  
and for their dedication to the Jones's.  
"Don't you see? You and I are the Jone's."  
and we don't give a damn.

Lynne Preston

NATURE'S CHILD—1970

Take me through your secret land  
Let me plow your field  
Let me ride your dragon, Child  
Protect me with your shield.  
Riding through your forest glen  
Below your towering trees  
Excited by the morning sun  
Upon the Autumn leaves.  
I see your wonderous waterfall  
I feel its magic spray  
I know just what I want to do  
But thoughts I can't convey.  
In grassy fields I want to roam  
And touch your virgin soil  
And as the misty moon appears  
I want to reach new oil.  
I dive into your gentle brook  
Your waters are so deep  
Upon your mossy banks I rest  
And there I fall asleep.  
I want to speak of how I feel  
But I just can't compare  
The happiness inside of me  
And the love I know we share.  
I struggled to your mountain top  
Just the other day  
Tonight I want to be with you  
And in your valley lay.

Donald P. Brown

## SUPERFINE BOATYARDS

Depressed now  
Unselfish now  
Later to change—one or both,  
Physically exhausted  
a mental awakening  
Pointed finger at a pregnant woman,  
Look again and laugh,  
Then wish alone it was  
yourself . . .

We are romantics  
We are sailors  
yet its been a long time since  
our ship came in.

*Bill Lang*

It is a child petting a tiny kitten,  
A mother mending a ragged mitten.  
It is a kiss on a summer's night,  
Father and son flying a kite.  
It's seeing your daughter graduate,  
And remembering the day you taught her to skate.  
It's realizing your son will soon be a man,  
And saying to yourself, "Have I done all I can?"  
It's having someone to tell problems to,  
Holding hands under a sky of blue.  
ALL THESE THINGS ARE LOVE.  
What is the greatest, most perfect love?  
That which was sent to us from above.  
Christ Jesus died that we might live—  
Is not life the greatest love one can give?

Nancy Perry

## DROPS

If what I have put to my lips  
be love so pure and sweet,  
then let naught else e'er fill my cup  
that I may drink of it.  
For sweeter drops my lips ne'er  
touched than that I drink today.  
And sweeter still the drops  
will be she gives another day.

*James Scruggs*

## APPLESAUSE TURNPIKE WEDDING

hey Baby  
Sell me a cloud  
I'm hooked on a dream  
My altitude is 47 miles  
I stole an ice cream  
From the vendor man  
He cursed me as I ran  
And he cut me as I swam  
Thru the lilly pads  
In my aluminum canoe  
I can remember when  
Lake Erie was still a  
Fresh water lake  
And water dances  
Over fire in the night  
I'm swimming thru the steam  
I see the crystal gleam  
In a dream  
How can I explain the atmosphere  
You'd have to see it to believe it  
The twisted light  
The sacred night  
There's music all around me  
(I'll drowned in sound)  
As if it's running thru me  
And now there's something new-ME  
I see it all so clear  
If only I'd been here  
A year ago  
Or so  
To see me then  
Where have I been  
For all these years  
Drinking beer  
And thinking that was how to get stoned  
I now own my own airline  
And I can fly anywhere  
For half-fare  
And go first class  
I wear my seat belt in case I crash

*Donald P Brown*

Alligators walk softly as the onion  
Talks philosophy with the clouds  
Deminishing caterpillars join in for poker  
As the Kansas wheat stands proud.  
Only once through the darkness  
Did the neon grass speak  
And the barb wire strands  
Remain ever so meek.  
Styrofoam lanterns  
Cry out in the night  
While the russeling turnips  
Continue their plight.  
The habadashery salesman  
Has come well equipt  
In Palmer's new Volkswagen  
With the gears that are stripped.  
Eric Von Staffel  
Ran far, far away  
To return to his pine trees  
For his crime he will pay.  
Majestic soul seekers  
Sing songs to the sun  
And the rascals of love  
Are still on the run.  
Eternity's sanddunes  
Look fast for their call  
As the buffalo decides  
This ain't real at all.  
I have visions of methadrine  
As I lay there asleep  
And I wonder if water  
Will turn stale in a week.  
Bridges of poverty  
Loom left and right  
And the great albatross  
Has just left my sight.  
Flea-bitten ladies  
Return to the South  
And here, just for you,  
Is a punch in the mouth.  
Although this poem seems to have  
no meaning today,  
It will all be explained  
On my Applesause Turnpike Wedding Day.

*Eric Staffel*

## HIS DEATH TOOK BUT AN INSTANT

His death took but an instant.

And so quick was it  
that had I not been looking  
at him at that precise moment  
when Eternity  
fulfilled its promise, it  
would have gone unnoticed.  
But in noticing his death

I was made acutely aware  
of the utter and complete  
senselessness of human  
conflict—

when man combats man,  
when there is war.

Had he died in other circumstances  
my thoughts would have  
been projected in other directions  
and his death I would  
have placed little or no  
importance upon; had Fate  
dealt differently with him.  
For he died not fighting

as those around him  
were; for that would have  
given some pardon  
for the death blow;  
to have been in combat with others  
some reason might there have been.

But he died as he sat,  
silently and fearfully  
engrossed in all the horror  
and ugliness of war.

His weapon, at his side,  
was lying idly. By his side,  
untouched, his death stroke was.

Nor, I'm certain, had Justice  
singled out his death as  
punishment for deaths before.

His face was bathed  
in innocence of war.

His eyes laid bare the truth  
of his ignorance of such.  
He died and thus was raised

the question of war's purpose.

Too many deserving walked away  
while dead he lay  
upon the ground—

thus was raised the question  
of why his innocence was ended.

And I began to ponder all  
the many others identical  
to him whom Earth had reclaimed.

I, at that moment,  
felt within my breast  
the injustice of such human strife,  
those who should die live on—.

His death took but an instant.

I alone beheld him die.  
And as I walked away I

thought I saw upon  
his face for all  
eternity to see the question  
I yet carry within my soul.  
“Why?”

not a sound  
but a clear silent  
feeling . . .  
any name fitting  
and remembering  
not with sorrow  
but smilingly  
thoughts of yesterdays  
never to return  
lost and gone  
but yet  
still so much a part  
of now  
a fine healthy rain  
not faintly trickling  
but stinging and pounding  
the slick black asphalt  
pointless cheerful phrases  
drifting above the whisper  
of swishing rain  
and the laughter  
of warm wet contentment

*Edward George*

*James Scruggs*

## "TRAGEDY"

a bedtime story  
variations on a theme by T. S. Eliot

Houses,  
creaking and wrinkled,  
stand where I used to live.  
Winds reside there  
and slip past a naked bed  
on their way to the prevailing westerlies;  
I dreamt of you once.  
The women dance to a different tune;  
I don't know it.  
The drinks have been served  
and spilled.  
Stains will remind me of laughter  
in a small room.  
And faded curtains  
Hang around the tomb.  
I whisper something in a corner.  
The women dance to a different tune;  
I don't know it.  
Night holds up its fat, black blanket  
and conversations drop and die  
in brittle, piece-of-crystal sighs.  
WELL, GOOD HEALTH TO YOU ALL,  
I LOVE YOU ALL.  
( The children made a snowman  
down the street.  
Dogs sniff it and greet appropriately.  
The day nods at me  
and chuckles below the horizon.  
I yawn and  
wink back.)  
Last night, asleep and alone,  
I heard a whimper  
and turning,  
caught a glimpse of my reflection  
in life's mirror.  
And, in short,  
I was afraid.  
This morning, I drink the coffee  
and taste the cakes  
& ask what make of man am I?  
&  
How am I to believe my eyes  
and ears?  
I don't even live here.  
I start to cry.

David Albee

## THE SUNDAY PAPER

Family of nine killed by son  
Father watches as he butchers eight  
with the kitchen knife  
and then calls the police.  
Fourteen die on highways in the state  
seven in a head on collision.  
Death toll in Viet Nam rose this week.  
One group of villagers killed by mistake.  
Dick Tracy zapped out another cop  
in his fight for crime.  
The middle east exploded again.  
Fighting going on between five countries.  
Monk burns himself to death in streets of L.A.  
shouting to all of mankind  
PEACE!

Kathy Lesko

## MOVE WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

Skip Lloyd stood before the impressive array of thirty-odd shirts hanging in his closet and finally selected a long sleeve tattersall that neatly complemented the faded blue jeans he was so fond of wearing. The cool June breeze that sifted through the tiny squares of the window screen told him to take a jacket with him when he left for the baseball game. He knew how chilly the Cleveland area became when the night breezes began to blow. On this Friday night, Skip and a group of friends were driving from their homes in Shaker Heights to Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, where the Cleveland Indians were to play the Boston Red Sox.

He finished buttoning his shirt and wondered where in the mammoth stadium Mike and the other boys might want to sit. He half suspected that Mike Singer, his closest friend, would want to sit behind third base, but he knew the wind would blow directly into their faces if they did.

Skip looked up quickly when the bright blue and green bathrobe of his mother caught his eye. He watched her enter the room and plant her feet squarely in the middle of the tiger skin rug in Skip's bedroom. He thought it funny that he should be thinking of wind blowing into his face, because he suspected his mother would have a few words for him. Mrs. Margaret Lloyd was a heavy-set woman, whose dull, gray hair made her look older than her forty-six years. For nineteen years, she had raised her only son in much the same way her domineering father had raised her. Her marriage to Harvey Lloyd, the associate city editor of the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*, was a mutually satisfying one; yet Skip thought she intensely wanted him to outdo his father in many ways. She had sent him to prestigious Cleveland Tech, and had him admitted to Case Western Reserve, although Skip thought that her position on the Cuyahoga County school board was a major influence on his acceptance at Case. Because Skip had done poorly during his last term, he anticipated some sort of reprimand from his demanding mother. As he looked at her, he thought she cut an imposing figure as she stood on the sleek tiger skin.

"Would you like to tell me where you plan on going tonight? I don't want you running all over Cleveland again tonight."

Hardly had her words been spoken when Skip issued a quick reply. His voice was hard and emphatic.

"First, Mike and I and a bunch of other kids are going to a ball game. Then we're going to the Fortune Wheel. O. K.?"

As an afterthought, he shot out, "Then, we might run all over Cleveland again tonight."

Mrs. Lloyd's eyes focused sharply on her teenage son and her arms folded across her hefty bosom.

"Young man! You listen to me," she said, as she moved a step closer to him. "I want you home just as soon as that game is over. Do you hear me?"

Skip could not help but hear her stentorian voice.

"You've been out all hours of the night this past week, and it's about time you came home at a decent hour. After your last term at Case, you might think of doing something constructive with your time."

Skip was now on the defensive side, and he unconsciously moved back and away from his mother's cold stare.

"Mother, you know I did my best. What's wrong with a couple of D's? And, besides, I know when I should come home. I'm not going to live by your rules forever."

Mrs. Lloyd's anger was intensifying, and she quickly went back on the offensive.

"As long as you live in this house, you'll listen to me. I'm sick and tired of your incessant night life. From now on, you be home at 11:00 or you won't be going out at all."

Skip's head turned sharply, and his gray eyes met his mother's identically gray eyes, which now seemed fiercely different from the eyes he was accustomed to seeing.

"Are you trying to tell me that I have to be home at eleven every night?"

"That's right, young man," she declared in a most decisive tone, "and you had better be in this house at eleven or have a good excuse for not being here. No more of your carousing all over Cleveland."

Where did she get the idea that I was carousing all over Cleveland? Skip admitted that he had been out after midnight, but he wasn't running all over Cleveland.

"And another thing, Harvey," his mother said, as she moved off the tiger skin, "I don't want you going to that Fortune Wheel place anymore."

Skip winced at the sound of these words. He despised the name Harvey, and had long since called himself Skip.

"Wait a minute," he said. "What's wrong with the Fortune Wheel? It's the only decent place a college kid can go to these days."

"You heard what I said," Mrs. Lloyd answered, as she deftly avoided Skip's question and turned to leave. "Just remember to come home after the game."

"How can I forget?" Skip answered weakly.

The adamant stand of his mother seemed to weaken his resistance. Skip lit a cigarette, and sat on the edge of his large double bed to ponder the brief encounter. How ridiculous, he thought, for a curfew to be imposed on a college student. Skip had always tried to understand his mother, for he knew that her father had been strict with her. But should he take this? The image of a clock with the hands set at 11:00 remained in his mind. As he crushed the last burning spark on the tip of his cigarette, the blare of a horn pierced the solitude of his bedroom. Mike is here, Skip thought. He swiped at the dangling brown hair that fell over his forehead, and left his bedroom. After reaching the stairs, he retraced his steps and retrieved the pack of cigarettes he had thrown disgustedly on the tiger skin rug. With a sudden violent motion, Skip kicked the face of the tiger and imagined his mother falling from her past position on the animal's back onto the wooden floor.

From the seats behind third base, one could get an unobstructed view of the playing field of Municipal Stadium. But along with the vantage point came the discomfort of strong winds blowing into the spectators' faces. Skip found little consolation in the fact that he had anticipated sitting there, and the wind annoyed him. He did not talk about his family problems, although his friends had asked him why he was so sullen on that brisk, summer evening. Skip watched the ball game with little interest, although he found himself applauding and cheering as if he were attentive to the action on the field. His mind was focused on the problem of the curfew. As he was debating possible approaches he might take, he found himself aware of Mike screaming at a Cleveland base runner, who was rounding third base and heading for home. Mike was yelling, "Move! Move!", and Skip's mind captured this word and held it firmly in place. As he applauded the efforts of the base runner, Skip thought the idea of moving was intriguing. A possibility to consider, he thought.

During the sixth inning, Mike turned to Skip and asked, "Would you object to moving over to the first base side? The wind is bothering me."

"Sure, let's go," Skip replied. Move when the wind blows in your face, thought Skip, and again he thought of moving. It made sense to move, he reasoned; then, maybe the wind won't blow so hard.

After the game, Skip dutifully went straight home. His friends thought it unusual for the usually gregarious Skip to call it a night at an early hour, but none deemed it necessary to ask for a reason.

Skip locked the door behind him, and seemed oblivious to the first greetings of his father. Mr. Lloyd was a tall man, who at six foot two was an inch taller than Skip. His balding head and expanding waistline were signs that he was getting up in age, but he was an active man for his fifty years. Mr. Lloyd knew of his wife's curfew imposition, and he set out to get his son's reaction to it.

"I understand your mother put a little time limit on your evening activities."

Skip was somewhat reluctant to talk about it, but he thought that his father would understand, and perhaps talk his mother out of her harsh position.

"She sure did," he replied without much emotion; "she sure did."

"You know, she has a point, Skip," Mr. Lloyd offered. "You have been out a lot lately, and it won't hurt you to come in earlier for a while."

Skip's eyes widened slightly, and he asked, "Do you agree with her? I mean, do you think I should be forced to come in early?"

"Like I said, it won't hurt you, Skip. Your grades at Case..."

"My grades, my grades," Skip interrupted. "Is that all you and mom think about?"

Skip's explosion of emotion caught his father by surprise. Irritated, he said, "Skip, you listen to me. Your grades are important to your mother and me, if not to you. You're not too old to be punished, you know."

Skip's image of an understanding father vanished. He stood and watched as his father lit a cigarette, extinguished the match, and blew the smoke in the general direction of Skip's head.

"Wind blowing in my face again," thought Skip. "Move when the wind blows."

The silence was broken by the voice of Mrs. Lloyd, who was standing near the top of the stairs.

"I'm glad you heard what I said," she called down. Skip noticed a definite ironic tone in her voice.

"But remember," she continued, "be in at eleven tomorrow night."

Skip turned slowly and saw only the bright blue and green bathrobe disappear behind the bathroom door. He turned again to his father, and again the smoke from his father's cigarette blew into his face.

"You know," he said slowly, but distinctly, "I'm beginning to wonder." At this moment, the nineteen years of Skip's life seemed to drift by. The events of the last few hours—the argument with his mother, the curfew, the wind blowing in his face—came into focus. Skip no longer wondered. He knew. The decision had been made in the last few seconds.

"Wonder about what?" his father asked.

Skip gave him no answer. He looked blankly at his father, but his eyes did not see Mr. Lloyd's face. He turned quickly and bounded up the stairs. He walked briskly from the hall at the top of the stairs to his bedroom. He looked down at the tiger skin rug and slowly pushed it under his bed. He lit a cigarette, and waited for his time to come. Eleven o'clock was all but forgotten as curfew time; yet his parents would always remember it.

The Saturday morning sounds of lawn mowers roaring and children playing broke the silence in Shaker Heights. Mrs. Lloyd watched her husband leave for the office, and hoped that a big story would break so that he could write a feature article. She performed her daily clean up chores and fixed dinner for herself and Skip. She knocked on the door of his bedroom and impatiently called his name. Exasperated after several efforts to wake him, Mrs. Lloyd opened the door, and prepared to rouse him from his sleep. She was greeted as she entered by a brisk, morning breeze that moved swiftly off Lake Erie and blew into her face. She moved to avoid it, but so had her son.

Tom Filipkowski

## HUNTER'S STEW

Twisting

Turning

Writhing in pain.

The wound bleeding——needing care.

A maimed thing seeks a place of refuge.

In the \_\_\_\_\_

distance

rustling bushes

barking hounds

feet pounding-

deadly sounds!

Coming

Closer

Louder

A SHOT!

A SCREAM!

simmer one hour

add salt——to taste

*Sheila Meehan*

## BRAIN-RAPE

in the do-nothing, see-nothing  
humdrum life that  
i lead,  
few things surprize me,  
but last night something happened  
(i don't know what)  
that managed to shock me  
i  
was sitting in my row boat  
on top of my wishing well  
smoking my water pipe  
when my pet vulture  
“Fang”  
told me that i was in for  
a change in weather  
i calmly prepared for my steam bath  
and told my pet to cook my breakfast  
of minced words  
and a nice cold glass of sarcasm  
i  
put on my double-breasted raincoat  
and my crystal slippers  
and settled down to read my  
horror-scope  
to see what my future held  
well. . .  
you can imagine  
how shocked i was  
to find out that i *was* due for a change  
and soon!  
my friend, the doctor, came over  
and told me not to get excited  
that everyone went through  
these little “changes of life”  
and that just because i wouldn't be  
“normal”  
for a few days. . . or more,  
it wasn't anything to worry about  
but when i asked him what  
“normal”  
was, he screamed out  
“you shouldn't have asked me that!”  
and then he ran away  
of course, it's all over now, and  
i can laugh about it,  
or should i say sneer,  
anyway, it wasn't so bad  
i just found out that i was  
“no-good”  
and that i had a mild case of:

psycointroneuroextroschzoidopseudomaschosadoparanoimaniaalphoboaitis.  
complicated by a deep seated desire to make wild mad love to  
my great-great-grandfather  
and further complicated by  
a hyper-sensitive feeling of  
inadequacy, combined with  
severe cerebral awareness  
hinging on a sophisticated  
intellectual defense and  
a tendency release closely related to  
projecto-transference  
with symptoms of  
acute intra-egonegativia  
and now that i realize my  
problems  
(or qualities)  
it's all relative you know,  
in any event,  
now that i'm aware of them,  
my friend, the doctor,  
tells me that he won't come near me  
because i've got B.O.  
ah well. . .  
such is life.

*Dadi*



ROBERT JORDAN

## WELL, AT LEAST IT RHYMES

I'm drunk and I'm weary  
And well on my way  
I'll return to my birth place  
It's there I must stay.  
Shampoo and cotton  
Are now in the past  
In the race for the sun  
We'll sure come in last.  
Phone books and due dates  
Are stuck on the wall  
But the chocolate cream pie  
It ain't there at all.  
Soft light and laughter  
Remain till the end  
And Alice's restaurant  
Is just 'round the bend.  
Flowered sheets on the bed  
With pajamas to match  
Bring vodka and gin  
And I'll mix up a batch.  
The Animal's White House  
Remains to be seen  
Today she's a pig  
Tomorrow she's lean.  
I eat from the floor  
And play with my food  
And I love to sniff armpits  
If I'm in the right mood.  
The TV's on fire  
The drugs, they grow old  
It's a hundred degrees  
My God! It seems cold.  
My suitcase just sits there  
The airline ticket still attached  
The cops will come soon  
That's why the door's latched.  
I long for the snow  
Such a beautiful sight  
You'll never understand  
But I know that I'm right.

*Eric Staffel*

## ISTHMUS

Naked, black branches  
wake me from dreamless sleep.  
Their nails scratch the windows  
and grate on roof patches.  
A cry, echoing through the cold,  
seems to travel from some corner of the horizon.  
And into the loneliness of sky  
steps the sun,  
a giant, white globe  
seen through the frozen air  
that hangs in great voids  
between houses and fences.  
The hoary ghost shivers,  
spreads its nebulous form  
and glides into a misty morning  
on the whispers of winter wind.  
From behind dusty curtains,  
I watch the empty parade of nature  
march into day.  
Shingles and insulated walls  
domesticate the air  
captured from the atmosphere.  
Deep in the loins of the house,  
a furnace breathes life into dead pipes  
and keeps the cat purring.  
But the walls and native air  
can't keep an inner chill from freezing me.  
Nor can the furnace,  
tucked away in the cellar,  
warm my ineffectuality.  
I live in a coffin  
built by the jibes of witless children,  
children of society's inhuman stones.  
I'm an offshore island  
just out of reach of the mainland,  
cut off from other islands  
by a rising tide of fear,  
a gradual inundation  
that nibbles away our life source.  
The fine looking bridges have been eroded,  
leaving us to die in our own arms  
with isthmus on our lips.

*David Albee*

## TO BE BLACK

To be the last hired, first fired,  
To be the lowest man on the highest totem pole,  
To be the receiver of the most unequal justice in the land  
Is to be Black.  
To be the carrier of the weighted jug  
Instead of holder of the cash,  
To be in the slums of the city  
And try not to think of the stench;  
To be strong in the face of oppressed misery  
Is to be Black.  
To stand with pride when fairer skins smite you,  
To look at them in full self-esteem  
And not hold your head in shame,  
To be a striver for higher goals  
Just as the great Dr. King was  
Is to be Black.  
Now, so many things are changing  
And Black men are afforded more liberty.  
Soon, the day will come when Black men will be free.  
Yes, to be Black will mean to be truly free.

*Joyce Hawkins*

## SPRING

Spring comes when:  
Days take on a golden lustre  
And breezes blow with the  
scent of salt from the sea.  
Spring comes when:  
Birds work busily building nests  
And butterflies float on the wind.  
Spring comes when:  
The perfume of flowers fills the air  
And young love captures hearts.  
Spring comes when:  
The world awakens after the cold  
And nature fills the realm with green.  
Spring comes when:  
The robin's voice calls his melody  
And brooks once more flow crystal clear.  
Spring comes when:  
Nature works her miracles;  
The rebirth of life that  
Rises man's spirit; for as  
The sap rises, so also does man.

*Ann Muggleworth*

## SOCIETY SAYS

Society says:

No longer have I the caprice of a child,  
No longer have I the recklessness of adolescence,  
No longer can I covet childish fancies. . .

This is what society says:

NOW I AM GROWN:

I must exert my thoughts to things of importance,  
I am expected to make decisions,  
To react with an adult air of sophistication.

I can no longer postpone the transformation. . .

Society says:

Time is short and society can't wait  
For fledglings to try their wings.

Overnight the metamorphosis from child to adult  
must come. . .

What irony in it all, for knowing this to be  
the impossible, yet it is expected. . .

Thus are the ways of man among man. . . .

*Christy*

## DESPAIR

Silence shrouds the room.  
The vacant chair and sofa carry on their infinite discourse;  
of nothing.

The hum of the basement oil burner pierces  
through the calm.

Outside a fog encompasses the world.

I sit, my thoughts dissolving into  
the indifference of the stale air.

A pale light flickers across the room.

My mind is drowning in visions of the past.  
It is time for me to go.

As I leave, I drape the facade of life  
across my shoulders.

*Monte Abramson*

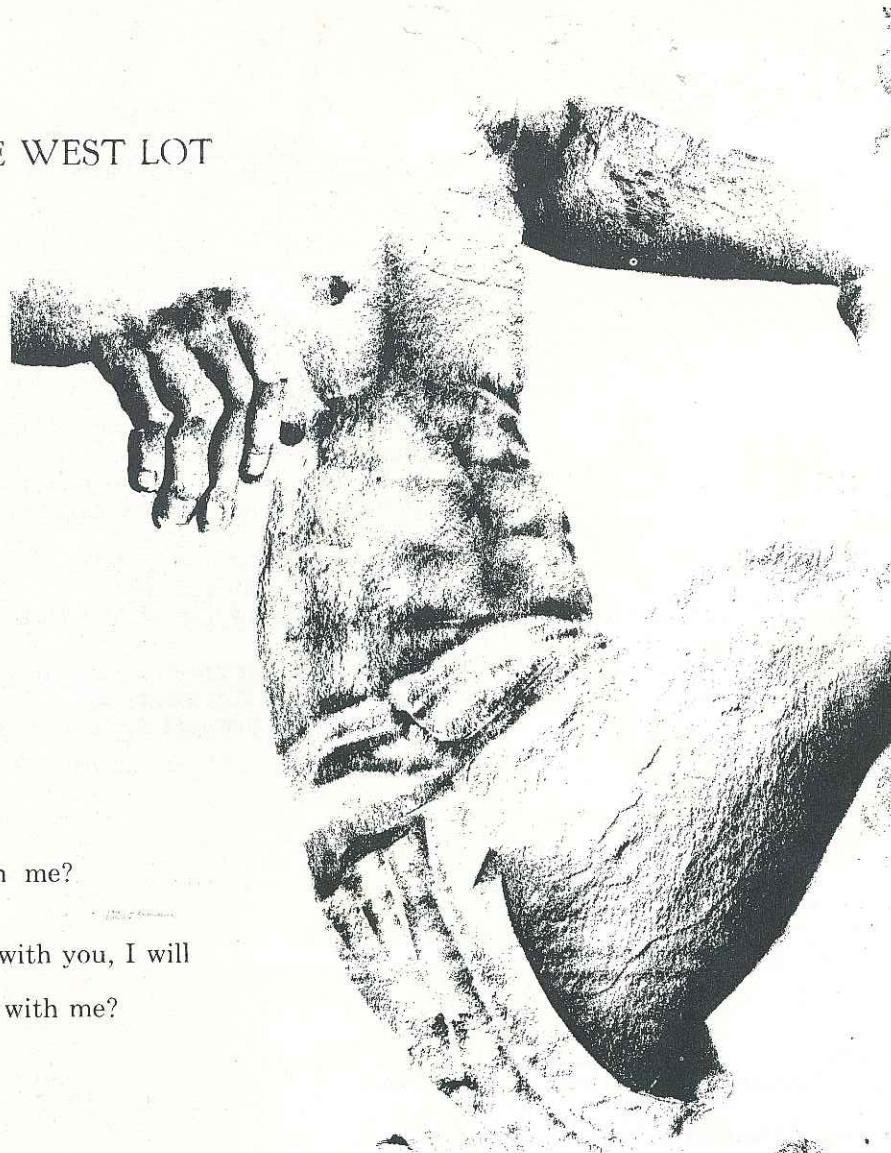
Fragmented images  
of Americana  
leaving residues  
of Corporate wastes  
of the minds  
of our leaders  
dissipate  
in the gutters  
wet dreams.

*Monte Abramson*

## FROM THE WEST LOT

Do you?  
Yes.  
Really?  
Yes.  
I'm so happy!  
Really?  
Yes.  
I'm happy too;  
Really?  
Yes.  
Please tell me.  
Tell you what?  
You know.  
I want you.  
Tell me more.  
I need you.  
Tell me more.  
I love you.  
Again!  
I love you.  
Again!  
I love you.  
Oh! I love you too!  
Will you come with me?  
Where?  
Does it matter?  
No, as long as I am with you, I will  
go anywhere.  
Then you will come with me?  
Yes! Take me!  
Will you—  
Yes!  
You won't mind?  
No!  
I love you!  
And I love you too!  
Take my hand and together we will walk  
until the end of time. Sometimes  
during the way we may stumble and  
fall but with you by my side we  
will overcome the difficulties.  
It will be a long, hard journey  
but with love and trust on our  
side we can survive the most  
severe conditions. Come now.  
Time is running short. Love will  
win out over evil. We will seek  
peace and happiness until the end.

*Donald P. Brown*



**STEVEN KING**

Look  
the birds are flying high  
they circle around  
touch a cloud  
and then they're off.  
Look  
watch the children play  
hear the laughter?  
without a care in the world  
they play.  
Look  
the oceans' waves meet and part  
up to the beach and back again  
free to roll on forever.  
Look  
the people in the world  
are they happy?  
so many problems and troubles  
wandering here and there  
the people in the world  
should learn  
and Look.

*Beth Kamenski*



## GENESIS OF LOVE

A child's soul with innocent love  
is born;  
Its purity is unadorned.  
With guidance from Life's legacy;  
Love grows with unbounding piety.  
But, Death's genesis doth teach  
man's soul;  
That true love hath a celestial  
goal.  
Righteous love of the incarnate soul;  
Shall merge eternally.  
And enter in God's Holy Abode;  
To dwell in blessed Trinity.

Carol Wolfe

ANJA IBSEN

### POEM TO LEE

Oh! Lee, such sorrow comes to me  
Whenever we must part  
It seems that when it's time to stop  
It's really just the start.  
And when I leave your loving arms  
Your pleasures I will miss  
I'm hungry for your company  
And starving for a kiss.  
When sleepy eyes meet morning sun  
I raise my weary head  
I think of gentle moments past  
And kind words that you've said.  
I long for moments after work  
When we can get together  
I long for moments in your arms  
When we can make it better.  
I know some day I'll never be  
Required to leave your sight  
In loving arms I'll come to rest  
And there I'll spend the night.

Donald P. Brown

Time passes  
and with each moment  
I love you more.  
Days pass  
and with each hour  
I know you more.  
Months pass  
and with each season  
I treasure you more.  
Years pass  
and with each sun  
I cherish you more.  
Time, days, months, years  
will never be gone  
But you will and when that happens  
I will have no need for  
Time or days or months or years.  
All that will be left  
is memories  
of you and me.  
As the rain falls  
and  
hits the roof top  
My love and thoughts  
turn  
to you.  
Alone, asleep in my bed  
and yet not alone,  
For you are in my thoughts  
and dreams.  
For as every day and year  
passes on,  
My love grows ever so strong  
for you.

Beth Kamenski

## I SOMETIMES WONDER

Whether you are content  
or contentious  
under the contract?  
Love and loved?  
Do you ever want to wander  
    Like to  
Find happiness  
under the bond of friendship?  
Content to be your lover  
Keeper of your kind and Gentle Love.  
Yearning to hold you  
only to love you  
under the bond of friendship  
Sometimes  
all happiness is  
living and  
Loving  
you  
    under the bond of friendship

*Daniel Zea*

## FIRE GLOW

Watch the fire flames flicker and glow,  
Watch them leaping high and low,  
Watch the ever-changing blaze,  
The earth's snowy, shiny glaze.  
See the logs slowly turning to ember  
As the lovers sit and chat and remember.  
And as the evening draws to a close  
And wind heaps up the drifts of snow;  
Watch the snow flutter and fly,  
Watch the fire flicker and die.

*Ann Muggleworth*

## POEM

the sun must  
sometimes  
looking at your face  
wonder  
why it was called to work  
    in sympathy i bought it a hat

*Richard Sheffield*

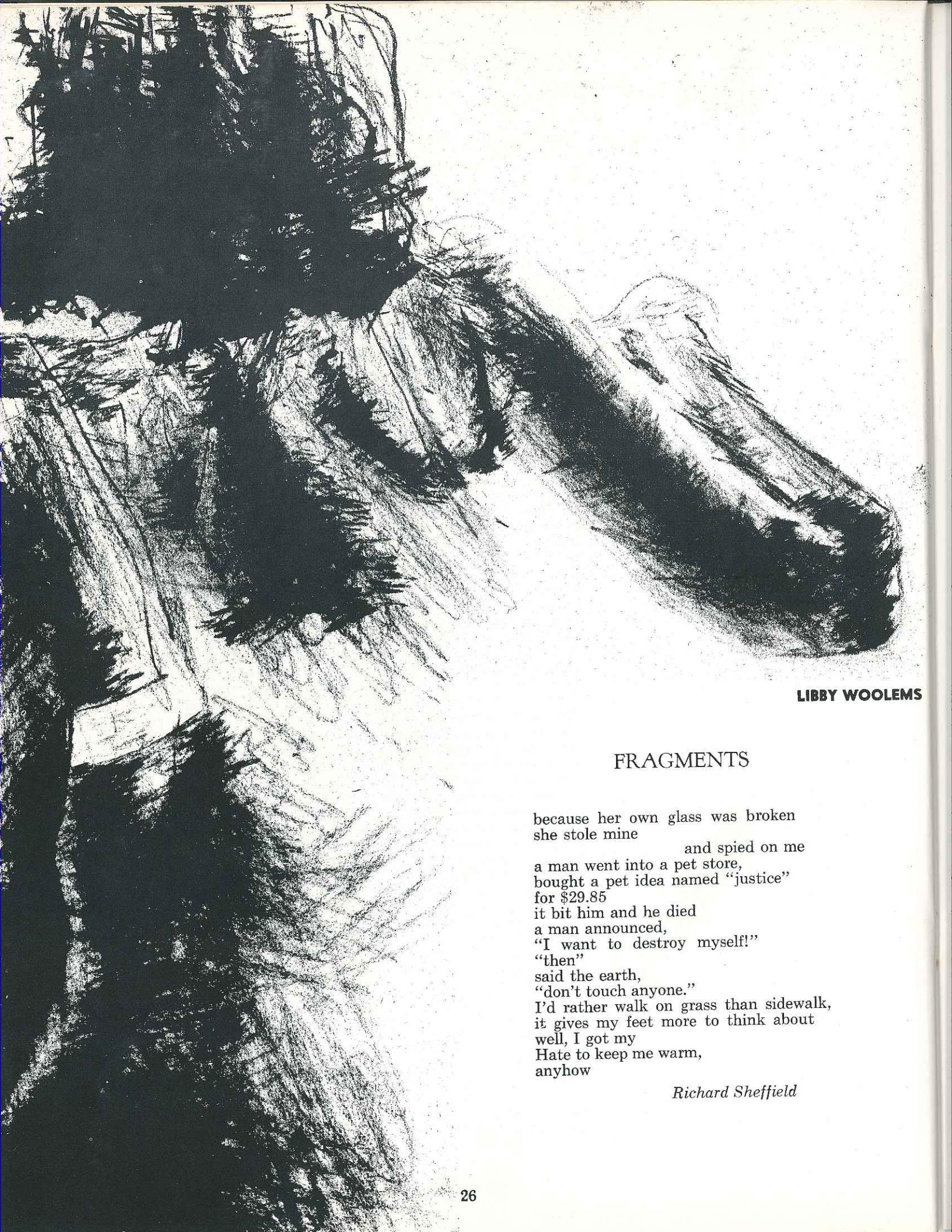
## CALABAN

A throbbing pain in the back of his left eye slowly brought consciousness back to him. He opened his eyes just enough to see a ball of lint, a crumpled sock, several cigarette butts, and an overturned empty bottle of scotch. Pain attacked every joint in his body, making the effort to roll over virtually impossible. He tried to remember where he had been the night before, but the concentration caused intense pains around his temples. He licked his lips, dry and chapped. His tongue felt thick and dehydrated, and it had a bitter taste to it. A smell of dank moisture came to him from the grubby little flat, and he heard harsh sounds of cars honking and crowds walking from the window. He forced himself to stand up, wavering with a light headedness. The plywood cardtable creaked as he leaned on it for support. He rubbed his face trying to rid his eyes of the sleep accumulated from his mysterious night before. He noticed that his suit was wrinkled and stained, and his shirt smelled of old whiskey and sickness. He slowly made it to the bathroom, avoiding the cracked yellow mirror. He turned on the cold water, wincing as the handle made a creaking sound. The yellow water splashed into the dirty sink and he stuck his aching head under the merciless flow trying desperately to regain full consciousness. He dried his face and hands with a used towel and looked at his pallid wrinkled face, deciding that he'd have to shave. Then he remembered! Today was the day he was to apply for the job at Poe High School. What was the time of the appointment? Three o'clock- Let's see, it's 2:30 now, there's just enough time to clean up, and catch the bus before another job goes down the drain. He started to take off the wrinkled jacket on his way to the closet to see if his only clean suit was still there. 'Just stole it last week...' 'Perfect fit...' Gotta hurry.

He remembered all the other times he'd applied for jobs, and all the appointments he'd cancelled or ignored from pride or some other excuse. He thought back to his "successful days" when he was looked up to, when he was respected. College days when he had money and a future. He remembered the day he married, and how lucky people told him he was to get a girl like Michelle, and how perfect they were together, and how long they would last. He remembered that ugly day too. The day he found Michelle with that... artist. He remembered a lot about that day. All those painful memories he'd promised himself he wouldn't let himself think about. He remembered her screams. . .the struggle. . .the gun going off. . .the running. . . 'Got to think of something else damn it!!!'

He was sitting on the bed, holding his dirty socks tightly in his hands, looking in the closet at his clean suit. He lit a cigarette, sucking the smoke deep, holding it in, then blowing a perfect smoke ring. He looked at his watch. 3:00. He stood up, searched his pockets, came up with three one dollar bills and some change. He picked up the empty whiskey bottle and threw it into an old dented wastebasket. He straightened his wrinkled tie, put his soiled wrinkled jacket back on, closed the door to his closet and walked outside.

*Dadi*

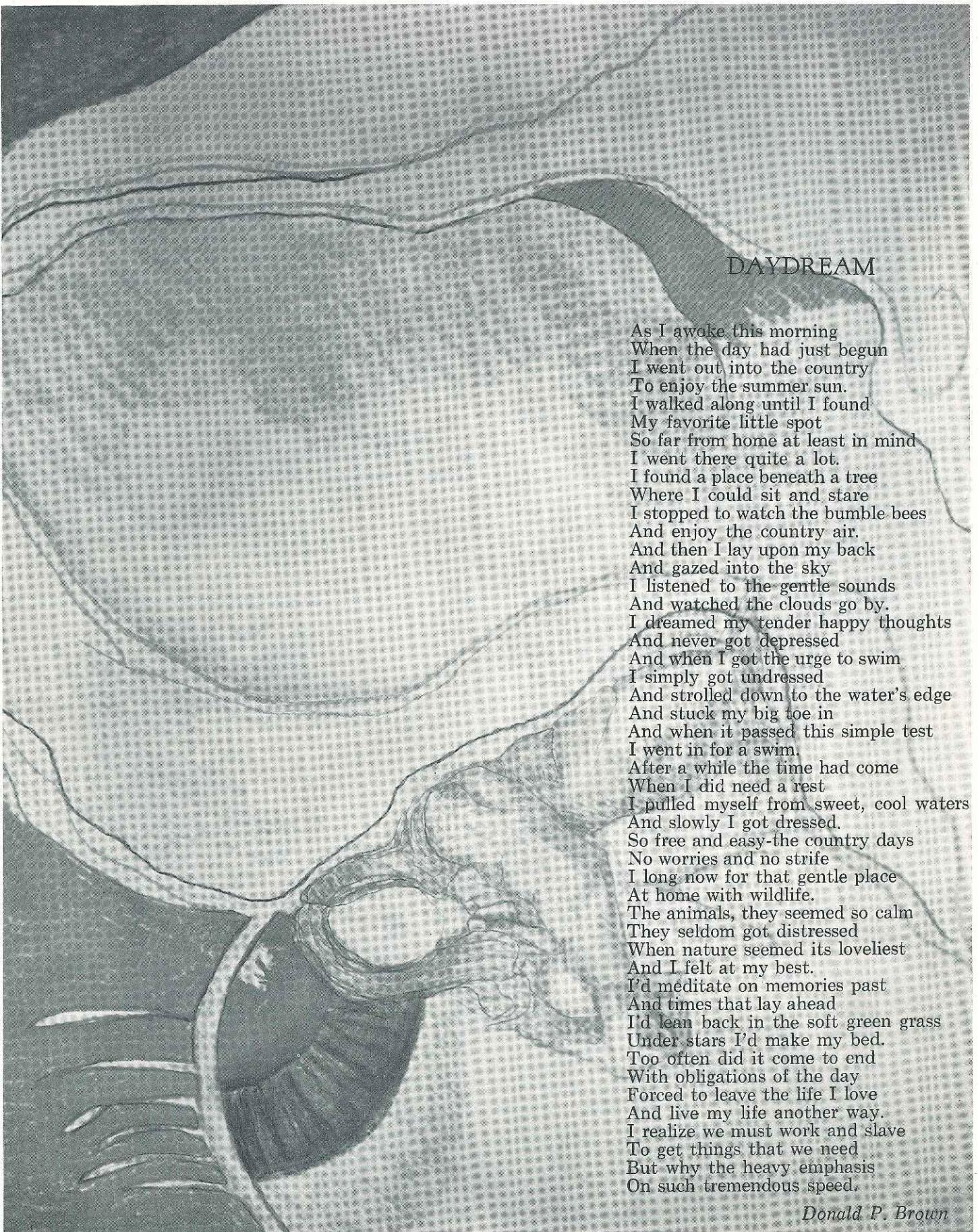


LIBBY WOOLEMS

## FRAGMENTS

because her own glass was broken  
she stole mine  
and spied on me  
a man went into a pet store,  
bought a pet idea named "justice"  
for \$29.85  
it bit him and he died  
a man announced,  
"I want to destroy myself!"  
"then"  
said the earth,  
"don't touch anyone."  
I'd rather walk on grass than sidewalk,  
it gives my feet more to think about  
well, I got my  
Hate to keep me warm,  
anyhow

*Richard Sheffield*



## DAYDREAM

As I awoke this morning  
When the day had just begun  
I went out into the country  
To enjoy the summer sun.  
I walked along until I found  
My favorite little spot  
So far from home at least in mind  
I went there quite a lot.  
I found a place beneath a tree  
Where I could sit and stare  
I stopped to watch the bumble bees  
And enjoy the country air.  
And then I lay upon my back  
And gazed into the sky  
I listened to the gentle sounds  
And watched the clouds go by.  
I dreamed my tender happy thoughts  
And never got depressed  
And when I got the urge to swim  
I simply got undressed  
And strolled down to the water's edge  
And stuck my big toe in  
And when it passed this simple test  
I went in for a swim.  
After a while the time had come  
When I did need a rest  
I pulled myself from sweet, cool waters  
And slowly I got dressed.  
So free and easy-the country days  
No worries and no strife  
I long now for that gentle place  
At home with wildlife.  
The animals, they seemed so calm  
They seldom got distressed  
When nature seemed its loveliest  
And I felt at my best.  
I'd meditate on memories past  
And times that lay ahead  
I'd lean back in the soft green grass  
Under stars I'd make my bed.  
Too often did it come to end  
With obligations of the day  
Forced to leave the life I love  
And live my life another way.  
I realize we must work and slave  
To get things that we need  
But why the heavy emphasis  
On such tremendous speed.

*Donald P. Brown*

We discuss the evils of mankind.  
No resolutions are at hand  
but, maybe, through our own lives  
we can make the world better,  
    a little kinder  
    with a broader mind,  
    less prejudiced,  
    truthful (with ourselves and others)  
    and maybe freer.

A release from the binds of society :  
those restrictions that make us slaves  
    unnecessarily.  
    Foolishly  
    and rediculously  
we obey without question or reason  
and why is what we ask.  
Let's build a new nation  
(and maybe a world)  
that believes in truth and honest dealings  
in a realization of our own personal potential  
and a try to obtain these dreams.  
Not to build on corrupted and diseased foundations  
but on one which is strong and clean.  
We don't need to destroy the old evil ways.  
By themselves, they will fall to the wayside  
    useless, having destroying themselves.  
A precipitation of a once fluid and flowing soul  
freezing drop by drop as it touches the floor.  
A giant comes marching from behind  
stomping on each brittle iceberg of me.  
I see what I know of myself fade away  
in their blindness of refusing to see;  
I am desperately and paralyzingly frightened  
of what they are doing to me.  
Through use of fear and treacherous deeds  
they are gaining a foothold in my mind.  
    If they succeed  
    I shall be no more;  
    I will exist like them.  
Death is a better substitute

*Lynne Preston*

## FLY

Fly  
Fly bird fly.  
Touch  
Touch the blue of the sky.  
Paint your designs of happiness  
On the canvas of the clouds.  
Flow  
Flow with the winds of life.  
Never  
No never harbor man's strife.  
Fix your place on the aerial sea  
And be pushed by the wind waves  
In arcs of ecstasy.  
Be pleased with all.

*Ed Rosner*

## GRACE OF THE IRIS

O, Iris your beauties are carved by Praxiteles' hand;  
Thy slender stalk like a lofty pedestal doth stand.  
upon thy perch your shapely petals well;  
Like the ancient Grecian urn atop the stony well.  
Delicate and lacy are your blossoms fair;  
Carved with tedious skillful Artist's care.  
Thy leaves are blades which pierce the Prussian blue sky;  
And stately stand in majesty on high.  
The warming sun reflects the color of thy rustic vase;  
With brilliant due upon yon vaulted space.  
Shining forth lavendar, vermillion, translucent blue;  
Accented by a splash of misty dew.  
Thy rapture is a reflection of an Old Master's hand  
Which molds thy splendor seen by lowly man.  
O, Iris thy beauty touches this humble soul;  
And whispers of a joy yet unforetold.  
O, how great this universe would be,  
If the outward grace which radiates from thee;  
Could be grafted inward on the souls of all mankind;  
And banish all ills that plague the human mind!

*Carol Wolfe*

## UNTITLED

Christ and his family stood naked in line  
on a dull November morning.  
The air was shrouded in gray and  
the lines of forgotten souls walked  
to the chorus of amerikkka's apathy.  
Christ accosted one of the vicers,  
and was shoved into the ovens at Daucha, alive.  
“It's all right though, he's just a Jew”  
was heard, and fell, and dissipated in the moldy dust,  
below the fifty flags present for the review.  
Christ prayed, and cried, and burned, and died  
with the body of an old Rabbi in his charred arms.  
The next morning it rained, and in the mail  
came hundreds of postcards from churches all over  
the world expressing their condolenses, with return  
postage guaranteed.

*Monte Abramson*

## BEWILDERMENT IN BEAUTY

What hides behind that face of milky beauty,  
    Soft summer breeze  
Mingling green leaves among their court?  
    Or scented scenes  
Of pictured flowery fields  
    Warm in high noon sun.  
Maybe cool brooks  
    Slipping splashing down moss green rocks  
Cold shadowed by towery trees  
    Blending black on blue lit sky.  
Could there be angel white clouds  
    Glowing shattering bright  
On gold fields bounded by musty woods  
    Of thick dew sodden leaves?  
Are there yellow-brown sands  
    Sifting soft foamy white  
From sparkling crystal waves  
    Mixing cool with hot winds?  
What hides in coral colors  
    Soft pink and white?  
What roams hidden  
    In the inner gardens of beauty  
That make the scenes of her soul?  
    What hides?

*Ed Rosner*

This God forsaken place  
of dead end streets  
and no where else to go  
I've been mugged and raped  
in front of a crowd  
who said in unison  
isn't that a pity.  
Someone ought to do something about that.  
I've died a thousand deaths  
in misery and Hell.  
I've gone too far  
into a land of Yr.  
where the demons  
are the kings  
they reign with iron fists  
for your body;  
chains and shackles  
for your mind:  
I don't think I can survive;  
I'm sinking too fast—  
its the third time down.  
I am reaching up for someone's hand  
But they have slapped it away.

*Lynne Preston*

## MEMBRANES

So where did you go  
    those  
        nights  
            sad?  
When you were overcome by  
    what you had seen  
        and where you had been,  
And how many losing theories  
    did it take  
        to make  
            you  
            a  
                scientist?  
You say you were driven  
    to the coastline  
Where the Earth's liquid membrane  
    lingered,  
Screaming - Screaming  
    you told it everything,  
Naked - Naked  
    and crying and frozen  
        you stood,  
But the waves just slipped away  
    as though  
        you  
            were  
                stone,  
Then did you realize the sea  
    has sorrows of its own?

*Bill Lang*

## THE BRIDGE GAME

"Well, at last, that bridge game is over. I never was so provoked with you in my life as I was tonight. Where in the world did you have your mind? Such stupid plays! And no wonder, with all that yatata, yatata, yatata."

"We won, didn't we?"

"By a mere ten points, through no efforts of yours, you may be sure. I practically played by myself, since you kept your mind on chatting with that stupid Florence Oliver."

"I thought we did fine. I can't remember the rules. Anyway, you are good enough for both of us."

"Obviously. Imagine, making a little slam and not even having bid game! And with a hand like you had. You just ignored my jump bid, so I thought you didn't have anything."

"We only needed three tricks to win the rubber, so I didn't think it necessary to bid game."

"That's not the point; if you've got game, you bid it—that's good bridge. Besides, it would have given us a leg on the next rubber."

"I'm sorry, dear, I'll try to remember next time. Shall we stop for a drink?"

"I think I need one, but if you mean to stop here, why drive out of your way when you can park right in front of the place?"

"Oh, I didn't see any place."

"You can still make it if you hurry. Don't doddle. . . . oh, oh, too late—someone else has it now."

"Here's a place."

"It's too narrow, you'll never make it."

"Oh, I've locked bumpers."

"I told you it was too narrow. Pull up a little and cut it hard to the right, then you can back out okay."

"I don't tell you how to drive when you're driving the car."

"Naturally, I can drive. And if you'll remember, I have yet to dent a fender, or get a ticket and you're always doing it when I'm not with you. Remember last week. . . ."

"Must you bring that up again? Let's park on the lot, it's much simpler!"

"And pay 50 cents and leave the keys in the car so someone can run down our battery again playing the radio? I should say not. I'd rather walk an extra block or two."

"Here's a place."

"Right in a mud puddle, as usual, but I can get out on your side. I trust it is dry over there?"

"Yes, dear."

"Lock the car. You know what happened last time the car was left unlocked."

"I can't forget much with you always reminding me."

"You usually forget important things. It's a wonder to me you remembered to be at our wedding on time. I guess you wouldn't have been if you hadn't stayed with Ted and Larry that week end. Maybe we'd both have been better off if you HAD missed the ceremony. At least, you wouldn't still be ruining my bridge."

"A guy can't remember every play all the time."

"I do. But don't tax yourself, dear, just try to remember enough technique so that we can stay in the tournament until the semi-finals, and I'll be satisfied. We can, if you improve *your* game."

"It would be simpler if the Simpsons served cocktails. I get so bored without a drink in all that serious concentration."

"Okay, let's concentrate over a drink right now and check those plays you made tonight with the rules. Let me have the book."

"I don't have it."

"Really, dear, must I think of everything? Did you leave it at the Simpson's?"

"You can get it tomorrow."

"You know very well tomorrow's Thursday, Hilda's day off, and how busy I am because of it. You can pick it up tomorrow yourself."

"In that case, prepare your flower pots, dear, I'll come tearing home ready to put into action some phases of Jane's latest lengthy illustrated lecture on horticulture."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you to have a hobby. You waste too much time with the boys."

"That's my hobby, and a good one I might say. Here, have a seat."

"Must you always pick a spot right near the door? What's the matter with that table in the cozy, quiet corner near the organ?"

"Good evening, Charlie, play something sweet and dreamy, you know, our old favorites."

"See how much more relaxing it is here by the soft music instead of near that drafty door?"

"Now for a good drink. What will you have?"

"Bridge is not the only thing you can't remember. I'd think that after five years, you'd know without asking."

"We won tonight, So I thought you might change your mind."

"It was still a trying evening. I'll have the same."

"Okay, two scotch on rocks, black label. He's playing our favorite number. Remember the first time we heard that together, dear?"

"How could I forget? You've been around constantly ever since and your bridge is no better now than it was then. Is bad bridge grounds for divorce in this state?"

"You're kidding, of course."

"Wel, if we don't stay in the tournament this year until the semi-finals, I'm not so sure that I'm just joking. If you paid attention to my plays when you're the dummy, or if you took the bid more often, instead of passing it off on me just so you could talk to some silly extra woman, you'd learn the game and we'd enjoy it more."

"Possibly true. Possibly. Listen to that catchy tune. Da-dada-da-da . . . hummmmm . . ."

"Your singing's as bad as your bridge, Please don't."

"It's fun trying. Makes me want to dance. Let's go honky-tonking."

"I'm in no mood to struggle with you on a dance floor, too. Not until your course at Arthur Murray's is over, anyhow. I trust it will help."

"My teacher says I'm doing fine. Let me show you tonight."

"For what the course costs, you should at least get compliments. But I can wait until Christmas for the surprise."

"Then shall we have another drink here?"

"I suppose so."

"Your treat, dear, I'm broke."

"Can't you hang onto money, either? What happened to the change from the twenty that you broke at the golf course yesterday afternoon?"

"We fellows had to do something while you girls played that other round."

"No doubt you paid, like you usually do."

"Ted bought a round."

"One out of twenty, probably, I'll pay for this one and keep the change."

"Can't you leave the money on the table, you know it is embarrassing to me to have you pay."

"And it is terribly embarrassing to me to have you raise my bid when you have only two small trump cards in your hand. That was the most stupid bidding I ever heard of."

"Dear, you take this bridge much too seriously. Can't we just play for fun?"

"WE will play bridge well together, or we will dissolve our partnership in all things permanently."

"My, that sounds serious. Are you?"

"Maybe. But here's another drink, dear, and he's playing our favorite song again. Remember that silly girl you had with you the night we met at Martha's bridge party? I wonder what happened to her. She couldn't play bridge, either."

"Funny thinng, I saw Peggy just last week. She's married, or was, is divorced now and going to be in town for a month or two. Visiting the Olivers."

"Could that, by any chance, be what you and Florence were discussing this evening?"

"Yes, cute girl, Peggy. Still cute. Shall we have them over for a practice game of bridge some night soon?"

"Heavens, not your ex-girl-friend, Peggy, and that chattering magpie, Florence, for bridge practice! If you really want to practice, and I think it an excellent idea, let's have the Coopers. Sunday's a good night. How about asking them for Sunday night?"

"Dull. But better bridge players, I suppose. Do they drink?"

"Of course, don't you remember last month at their house? "you and Rex mixed the drinks and consequently we never finished the first rubber. I was furious for we had a good lead. You had a hangover for two days."

"I remember the hangover, but not the people. Who'll mix Sunday, if they come?"

"Certainly not you or Rex. Hilda probably. Then it's settled? We'll have them Sunday for a good three rubbers of practice. Or next Sunday for sure."

"Yes, dear, and I promise I'll concentrate and maybe we can win the tournament this year."

"Let's drink to that. Win the tournament, and bury the hatchet on all our differences."

Marion R. Cleveland

## TO TOUCH

We live to reach, to touch,  
To bring each other warmth.  
If I could maybe ease your hurt, let me try.  
Can I somehow help you smile?  
    You have to understand,  
    You must believe  
There is so little time—  
To hate, to ignore, to simply not care  
    Is such a senseless waste.

*Kitty Kelly*

## AWAY AGAIN

You've just told me that you're going away again.  
I've heard you say it before...

sometimes with your mouth  
    sometimes with your eyes,  
but never when our bodies are as one.  
... I'm glad you're weak that way.  
Someday you may leave forever.  
Can't I have you inbetween?

    now  
        while I have half a chance.

Will you be happy away from me?

    Selfishly, I hope not.

Will you really think of me often?

    Or just tell me you do.

What do you tell your friends about us?

    You never let me meet them you know.

Love doesn't always last forever.

    Maybe ours will.

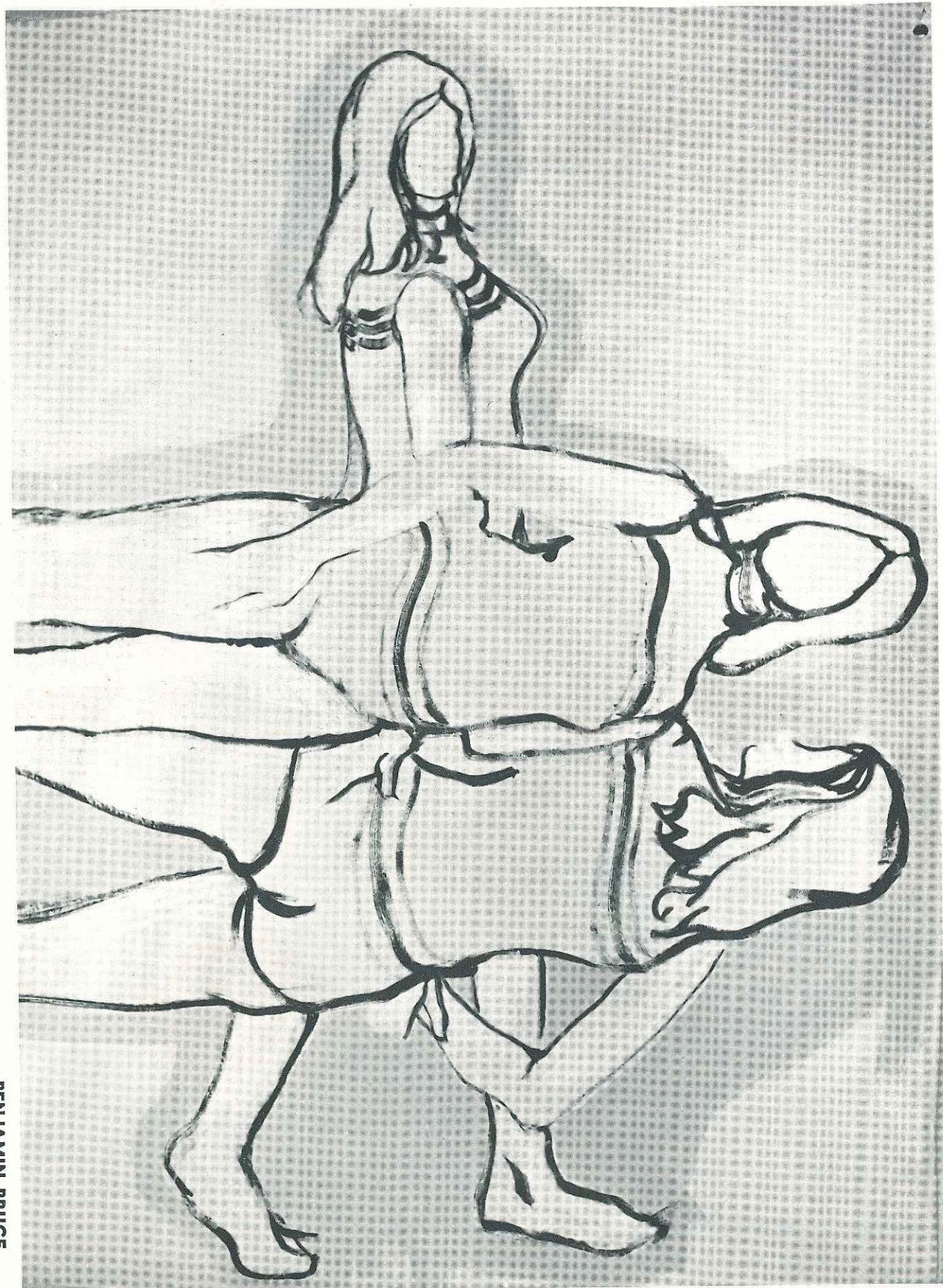
Like the Benevolent Whore,

    let me have you...

    now.

When love leaves - then so shall we.

*David Young*



BENJAMIN BRUCE

## EARLY MORNIN' DREAM

Being alone doesn't make me alone  
just lonely  
Early mornin' dreams awaken me to a new world outside,  
outside  
where rain falls only to be beautiful  
and birds yawn, soon to sing  
to walk outside on a three a.m. morning  
to see life asleep  
to reach out and touch that life  
and I . . .  
to hold it  
to live the questions  
to touch the dreams,  
and I would share this three a.m. life with you.

Debbie Paulin

DEATH & AN OLD RHYME

The heavy iron toll of the monastery's bells  
winds its message through midnight's falling snow.

And nothing stops to listen, but the  
dead bird's bones.

(pictures hang on the walls of the tomb  
proclaiming his greatness - comrade - ).

The paint has been renewed, the scriptures reworded and his soul has since sold out and can be found at the corner stand under Russian History.

invictus paperbackus.)

The ugly  
lie along the road and pinch the dirt the coach rides over.

They scramble for the emperor's spittle  
as it hits the dust and rolls into little balls. Beautiful.  
(beads click upon each other, syllables of prayer  
slide into the soft light holed up in the blackened body  
of the sanctuary, then quick movement of ceremony and  
dust begins to fill the space left by the warm-blooded sinner.)

A captain stood directly behind him gazing into the haze of dawn.

And in an ancient afternoon.

the battle rose and fell like some

prehistoric hell-  
the captain smiled for the napalm  
and looked at the shells

and laughed at the shells.  
He sings there now—still and skeletal.

He grins there now - still and skeletal  
(the clouds look at the lip of the cliff)

(the clouds look at the lip of the cliff.  
The rope swings out with you;  
close your eyes and let go it's such a long wait  
the wind whistles sharps going by.

the wind whistles sharp going by.  
And when you get there  
be sure to drop me a postcard or line or . .  
the cupboard (is) bare.

David Albee

## SOMETHING OF THE PAST

I know a tree.  
I knew a tree.  
I used to play there when I was young.  
I mean, you know, when I was a little kid.  
We used to have a treehouse in that tree.  
Not a big one.  
Just a couple boards really.  
Larry J.  
He fell out of that tree and broke his arm.  
Arms.  
We used to play baseball there.  
That tree was second base.  
I guess you just sorta get a sentimental  
feeling about a tree like that.  
At least I did.  
Then my father sold that tree.  
Actually, he sold the land the tree  
was on, but the tree went with it.  
I guess that's normal procedure.  
Now it's somebody else's tree.  
But I'll always know it's really our tree.  
Today a man came with an ax.  
And chopped the tree down.  
They're probably gonna use the tree to make  
toothpicks or some other useful item like that.  
The tree fell and landed on his  
stupid tractor and broke it.  
I laughed, but I cried.  
I heard they want to make that land  
a parking lot.  
P.S. Keep America beautiful.  
Chop down the tree of your choice today.

*Donald P. Brown*

## NOW IS ALL THERE IS

time—  
The pinprick in eternity  
In which we are programmed...  
Set into motion to:  
Love  
Hate  
Work  
Play  
Act  
React  
Question  
Answer  
Live  
Die. . . . . All within  
That tiny space afforded us  
In the vast continuum  
Here we must fit—  
Never before  
Never after—  
Only now.  
We must do what we are to do  
NOW—  
Time waits not  
But passes us by on its way. . . .  
To infinity.

Christy

